

## The Nightmare of the Sunshine Boy by Rosy\_el

**Series:** [The Sunshine Boy and the Snowflake Girl \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

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It had been another dream.

# The Nightmare of the Sunshine Boy

May, 1984

Sweat plastered his black hair to his forehead as Mike lurched forward in bed. His sheets were strewn across the bed and his comforter had been kicked onto the floor. The gray X-Men t-shirt he had worn to sleep in was wet and cold. He grabbed it by the neck and pulled it over his head, hurling it against the wall facing opposite of him. Mike panted the same way he always did after racing Lucas and Dustin and Will on Mirkwood.

It had been another dream.

It had been six months since he had last seen El—since she had disintegrated into a cloud of moths before his eyes in a (successful) effort to save the three (four) boys' lives.

Where the hell was she? The question followed him everywhere—on his bicycle as he rode through town, at school where people looked at him a little too long in the halls, in the woods where he still cried while calling out her name. She was a ghost and Mike wanted to be haunted.

Eleven didn't disappoint—she made appearances in the night all the time.

Tonight they were laying on the road, snowflakes waltzing over their heads. Christmas lights hung on the telephone poles on either side of the dark street, twinkling eerily. Mike watched El. She wore a white dress and her eyes looked black.

"The snowball, Mike." Eleven caught snow on her nose. "You promised." Tears fell down her face, wiping any trace of icy flakes from her cheeks. Mike suddenly realized her eyes didn't look black—they were black, totally black and glossed over like the marbles Mike used to play with when he was little.

"You," Eleven's head turned and her empty eyes stared at Mike, "promised."

He woke up then, eyes wet like his hair and his shirt.

“Where are you, El?” Mike whispered to no one.

Or, at least, no one he could see.

On the flip-side of his warm world, though, was a girl, laying on the decayed version of Mike Wheeler’s own twin bed.

**Author’s Note:**

Fluff is coming. I repeat: Major fluff. I will post in the morning.